National Tribune.

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EVERY-DAY LIFE OF Abraham Lincoln.

By FRANCIS F. BROWNE.

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Retiring somewhat reluctantly from Washington life, which he seems to have liked very much, Mr. Lincoln returned to Springfield in 1849, and resumed the practice of the law. He declined an advantageous offer of a law partnership at Chicago, made him by Judge Goodrich, giving as a reason that if he went to Chicago he would have to sit down and study hard, and this would kill him; that he would rather go around the circuit than to sit down and die in Chicago. So he settled down once more at Springfield.

A gentleman who knew Lincoln intimately in Springfield has given the following capital description of him: "He stands six feet four inches high in his stockings. His frame is not muscular, but gaunt and wiry; his arms are long, but not disproportionately so for a person of his hight; his lower limbs are not disproportioned to his body. In walking, his gait, though firm, is never brisk. He steps slowly and deliberately, almost always with his head inclined forward and his hands clasped behind his back. In matters of dress he is by no means precise. Always clean, he is never fashionable; he is careless, but not slovenly. In manner he is remarkably cordial, and, at the same time, simple. His politeness is always sincere, but never elaborate and oppressive. A warm shake of the hand, and a warmer smile of recognition, are his methods of greeting his friends. At rest, his features, though those of a man of mark, are not such as belong to a handsome man, but when his fine dark-gray eyes are lighted up by any emotion, and his features begin their play, he would be chosen as one who had in him not only the kindly sentiments which women love, but the heavier metal of which full-grown men and Presidents are made. His hair is black, and, though thin, is wiry. His head sits well on his shoulders, but beyond that it defies description. It nearer resembles that of Clay than that of Webster; but it is unlike either. It is very large, and, phrenologically, well proportioned, betokening power in all its developments. A slightly Roman nose, a wide-cut mouth, and a dark complexion, with the appearance of having been weather-beaten, complete the description."

GLIMPSES OF HOME-LIFE.

Of Mr. Lincoln's life at this period another writer says: "He lived simply, comfortably, and respectably, with neither expensive tastes nor habits. His wants were few and simple. He occupied a small, unostentatious house in Springfield, and was in the habit of entertaining, in a very simple way, his friends and his brethren of the bar, during the terms of the court and the sessions of the legislature. Mrs. Lincoln often entertained small numbers of friends at dinner and somewhat larger numbers at evening parties. In his modest and simple home everything was orderly and refined, and there was always, on the part of both Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, a cordial and hearty Western welcome which put every guest perfectly at ease. Yet it was the wit and humor, anecdote, and unrivalled conversation of the host which formed the chief attraction, and made a dinner at Lincoln's cottage an event to be remembered. Lincoln's income from his profession was now from $2,000 to $3,000 per annum. His property consisted of his house and lot in Springfield, a lot in the town of Lincoln, which had been given to him, and 160 acres of wild land in Iowa which he had received for his services in the Black Hawk war. He owned a few law and miscellaneous books. All his property may have been of the value of $10,000 or $12,000."

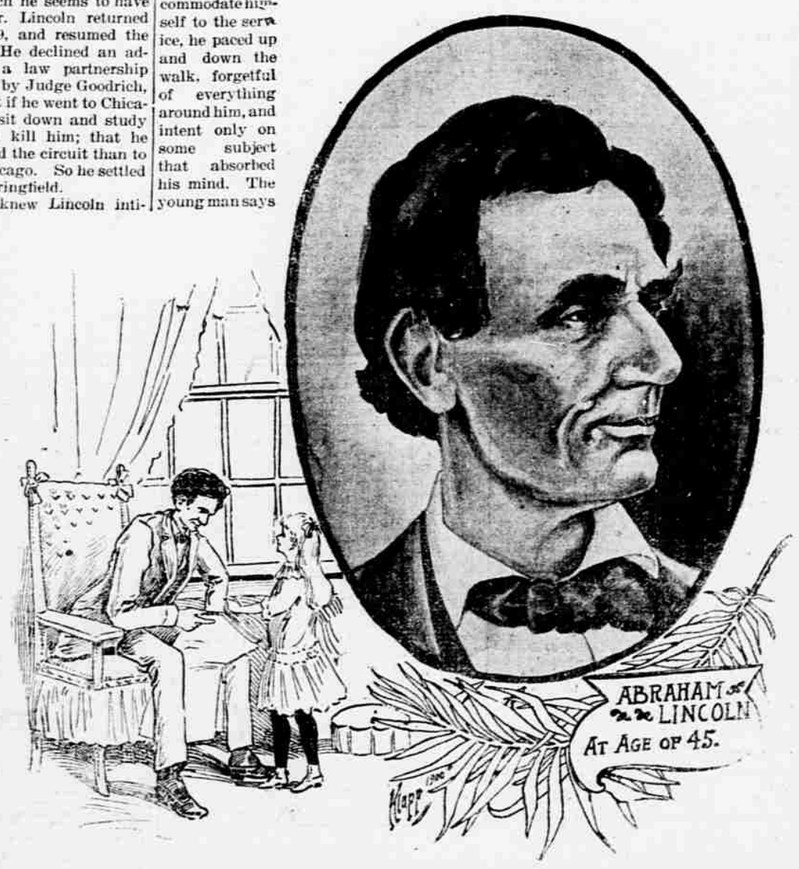
LINCOLN'S FAMILY.

Mr. Lincoln was at this time the father of two sons—Robert Todd, born on the 1st day of August, 1843; and Edward Baker, on the 10th of March, 1846. In a letter to his friend Speed, dated Oct. 22 of the latter year, Mr. Lincoln writes: "We have another boy, born the 10th of March. He is very much such a child as Bob was at his age, rather of a longer order. Bob is 'short and low,' and I expect he always will be. He talks very plainly, almost as plainly as anybody. He is quite smart enough. I sometimes fear he is one of the little rare-ripe sort, that are smarter at about five than ever after. He has a great deal of that sort of mischief that is the offspring of much animal spirits. Since I began this letter a messenger came to tell me Bob was lost, but by the time I reached the house his mother had found him and had him whipped; and by now, very likely, he is run away again."

Dec. 21, 1850, a third son, William Wallace, was born to him, and on April 4, 1853, a fourth and last child, named Thomas.

LINCOLN'S ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.

"A young man bred in Springfield," says Dr. Holland, "speaks of a vision that has clung to his memory very vividly, of Mr. Lincoln as he appeared in those days. His way to school led by the lawyer's door. On almost any fair Summer morning he would find Mr. Lincoln on the sidewalk, in front of his house, drawing a child backward and forward in a child's gig. Without hat or coat, and wearing a pair of rough shoes, his hands behind him holding to the tongue of the gig, and his tall form bent forward to accommodate himself to the service, he paced up and down the walk, forgetful of everything around him, and intent only on some subject that absorbed his mind. The young man says he remembers wondering, in his boyish way, how so rough and plain a man should happen to live in so respectable a house. The habit of mental absorption or 'absent-mindedness,' as it is called, was common with him always, but particularly during the formative periods of his life. The New Salem people, it will be remembered, thought him crazy, because he passed his best friends in the street without seeing them. At the table, in his own family, he often sat down without knowing or realizing where he was, and ate his food mechanically. When he 'came to himself' it was a trick with him to break the silence by the quotation of some verse of poetry from a favorite author. It relieved the awkwardness of the situation, served as a 'blind' to the thoughts which had possessed him, and started conversation in a channel that led as far as possible from the subject that he had set aside."



"MR. LINCOLN WAS FOND OF CHILDREN AND EASILY WON THEIR CONFIDENCE."

A LITTLE GIRL'S OPINION OF LINCOLN.

Mr. Lincoln was a lover of children, and easily won their confidence. Once a little girl, who had been told that Mr. Lincoln was a very homely man, was taken by her father to call upon him at his house. Mr. Lincoln took her upon his knee and chatted with her a moment in his merry way, when she turned to her father and exclaimed: "O, pa! He isn't ugly at all; he's beautiful."

A PAINFUL SUBJECT.

Mr. Lamon has written with great freedom of the sorrow that brooded over Lincoln's home. Some knowledge of the blight which this cast upon his life is necessary for a right interpretation of the gloomy moods which constantly oppressed him, and which left their indelible impress on his face and character. Mr. Lamon states unreservedly that Mr. Lincoln's marriage was an unhappy one. The circumstances preceding his union with Miss Tood have been related. Mr. Lamon says:

"He was conscientious and honorable and just. There was but one way of repairing the injury he had done Miss Todd, and he adopted it. They were married; but they understood each other, and suffered the inevitable consequences. But such troubles seldom fail to find a tongue; and it is not strange that in this case neighbors and friends, and ultimately the whole country, came to know the state of things in that house. Mr. Lincoln scarcely attempted to conceal it, but talked of it with little or no reserve to his wife's relatives as well as to his own friends. Yet the gentleness and patience with which he bore this affliction from day to day, and from year to year, was enough to move the shade of Socrates. It touched his acquaintances deeply, and they gave it the widest publicity." Mrs. Col. Chapman, daughter of Dennis Hanks, and a relative to Mr. Lincoln, made him a long visit previous to her marriage. "You ask me," says she, "how Mr. Lincoln acted at home. I can say, and that truly, he was all that a husband, father, and neighbor should be, kind and affectionate to his wife and child (Bob being the only one they had when I was with them), and very pleasant to all around him. Never did I hear him utter an unkind word."

A MAN OF SORROWS.

It seems impossible to arrive at all the causes of Mr. Lincoln's melancholy disposition. He was, according to his most intimate friends, totally unlike other people, and was, in fact, a "mystery." But whatever the history or the cause—whether physical reasons, the absence of domestic concord, a series of painful recollections of his mother, of early sorrows and hardships, of Anne Rutledge, and fruitless hopes, or all these combined,—Mr. Lincoln was a terribly sad and gloomy man. "I do not think that he knew what happiness was for 20 years," says Mr. Herndon. "'Terrible' is the word which all his friends used to describe him in the black mood. 'It was terrible! It was terrible!' said one to another." Judge Davis believes that Mr. Lincoln's hilarity was mainly simulated, and that "his stories and jokes were intended to whistle off sadness." "The groundwork of his social nature was sad," says Judge Scott; "but for the fact that he studiously cultivated the humorous, it would have been very sad indeed. His mirth to me always seemed to be put on, and did not properly belong there. Like a plant produced in the hot-bed, it had an unnatural and luxuriant growth." Mr. Herndon, Lincoln's law partner and intimate friend, describes him at this period as a "thin, tall, wiry, sinewy, grizzly, raw-boned man, looking 'woe-struck.' His countenance was haggard and care-worn, exhibiting all the marks of deep and protracted suffering. Every feature of the man—the hollow eyes, with the dark rings beneath; the long, sallow, cadaverous face, intersected by those peculiar deep lines; his whole air, his walk, his long silent reveries, broken at long intervals by sudden and startling exclamations, as if to confound an observer who might suspect the nature of his thoughts—showed he was a man of sorrows, not sorrows of to-day or yesterday, but long-treasured and deep, bearing with him a continual sense of weariness and pain. He was a plain, homely, sad, weary-looking man, to whom one's heart warmed involuntarily, because he seemed at once miserable and kind."

FAMILIAR APPEARANCE IN THE STREETS OF SPRINGFIELD.

Mr. Page Eaton, an old resident of Springfield, says: "Mr. Lincoln always did his own marketing, even after he was elected President, and before he went to Washington. I used to see him at the butcher's or the baker's every morning, with his basket on his arm. He was kind and sociable, and would always speak to every one. He was so kind, so child-like, that I don't believe there was one in the city who didn't love him as a father or brother." "On a Winter's morning," says Mr. Lamon, "he could be seen wending his way to the market, with a basket on his arm and a little boy at his side, whose small feet rattled and pattered over the ice-bound pavement, attempting to make up by the number of his short steps for the long strides of his father. The little fellow jerked at the bony hand which held his, and prattled and questioned, begged and grew petulant, in a vain effort to make his father talk to him. But the latter was probably unconscious of the other's existence, and stalked on, absorbed in his own reflections. He wore on such occasions an old gray shawl, rolled in to a coil, and wrapped like a rope around his neck. The rest of his clothes were in keeping. 'He did not walk cunningly, —Indian-like,—but cautiously and firmly.' His tread was even and strong. He was a little pigeon-toed; and this, with another peculiarity, made his walk very singular. He set his whole foot flat on the ground, and in turn lifted it all at once—not resting momentarily upon the toe as the foot rose, nor upon the heel as it fell. He never wore his shoes out at the heel and the toe, as most men do, more than at the middle of the sole. Yet his gait was not altogether awkward, and there was manifest physical power in his step. As he moved along thus, silent and abstracted, his thoughts dimly reflected in his sharp face, men turned to look after him as an object of sympathy as well as curiosity. His melancholy, in the words of Mr. Herndon, 'dripped from him as he walked.' If, however, he met a friend in the street, and was aroused by a loud, hearty 'Good morning, Lincoln!' he would grasp the friend's hand with one or both of his own, and, with his usual expression of 'Howdy! howdy!' would detain him to hear a story; something reminded him of it; it happened in Indiana, and it must be told, for it was wonderfully pertinent. It was not at home that he most enjoyed seeing company. He preferred to meet his friends abroad—on a street corner, in an office, at the Courthouse, or sitting on nail-kegs in a country store." Mrs. Lincoln experienced great difficulty in securing the punctual attendance of her husband at the family meals. Dr. Bateman has repeatedly seen two of the boys pulling with all their might at his coat-tails, and a third pushing in front, while *paterfamilias* stood upon the street cordially shaking the hand of an old acquaintance.

A GAME OF CHESS INTERRUPTED.

On one occasion Mr. Lincoln was engaged in a game of chess with Judge Treat, when the irrepressible Tad entered the office to bring his father home to supper. As Mr. Lincoln did not obey the summons, Tad attempted one or two offensive movements against the chess-board, but was warded off by the long, outstretched arm of his father. When a cessation of hostilities occurred, Mr. Lincoln, intent upon the game, fell off his guard. It was not long, however, before the table suddenly bucked, sending the chess-board and pieces to the floor. Judge Treat was naturally vexed and strongly urged the infliction of summary punishment upon the miscreant. But Mr. Lincoln only said, as he calmly took his hat to go home: "Considering the position of your pieces, Judge, at the time of the upheaval, I think you had no reason to complain." The Judge, however, has always said that he never could forgive Lincoln for not chastising that urchin.

SCENES IN THE LAW OFFICE.

After his breakfast hour, says Mr. Lamon, he would appear at his office, and go about the labors of the day with all his might, displaying prodigious industry and capacity for continuous application, although he never was a fast worker. Sometimes it happened that he came without his breakfast; and then he would have in his hands a piece of cheese, or bologna sausage, and a few crackers, bought by the way. At such times he did not speak to his partner or his friends, if any happened to be present; the tears, perhaps, struggling into his eyes, while his pride was struggling to keep them back. Mr. Herndon knew the whole story at a glance; there was no speech between them, but neither wished the visitors at the office to witness the scene, and therefore Mr. Lincoln retired to the back office, while Mr. Herndon locked the front one and walked away with the key in his pocket. In an hour or more the latter would return, and perhaps find Mr. Lincoln calm and collected; otherwise, he went out again, and waited until he was so. Then the office was opened, and everything went on as usual.

FOREBODINGS OF A "GREAT OR MISERABLE END."

"His mind was filled with gloomy forebodings and strong apprehensions of impending evil, mingled with extravagant visions of personal grandeur and power. He never doubted for a moment that he was formed for some 'great or miserable end.' He talked about it frequently and sometimes calmly. Mr. Herndon remembers many of these conversations in their office at Springfield, and in their rides around the circuit. Mr. Lincoln said the impression had grown in him 'all his life'; but Mr. Herndon thinks it was about 1840 that it took the character of a 'religious conviction.' He had then suffered much, and, considering his opportunities, achieved great things. He was already a leader among men, and a most brilliant career had been promised him by the prophetic enthusiasm of many friends. Thus encouraged and stimulated, and feeling himself growing gradually stronger and stronger in the estimation of the 'plain people,' whose voice was more potent than all the Warwicks, his ambition painted the rainbow of glory in the sky, while his morbid melancholy supplied the clouds that were to overcast and obliterate it with the wrath and ruin of the tempest. To him it was fate, and there was no escape or defense. The presentiment never deserted him; it was as clear, as perfect, as certain, as any image conveyed by the senses. He had now entertained it so long that it was as much a part of his nature as the consciousness of identity. All doubts had faded away, and he submitted humbly to a power which he could neither comprehend nor resist. He was to fall—fall from a lofty place, and in the performance of a great work."

AN EVENING WITH LINCOLN.

On one occasion Mr. Lincoln visited Chicago as counsel in a case in the U. S. District Court. The Hon. N. B. Judd, an intimate friend of Mr. Lincoln, was also engaged upon the case, and took Mr. Lincoln home with him as a guest. The following pleasant account of this visit is given by Mrs. Judd in Oldroyd's Memorial Album:

"Mr. Judd had invited Mr. Lincoln to spend the evening at our pleasant home on the shore of Lake Michigan. After tea, and until quite late, we sat on the broad piazza, looking out upon as lovely a scene as that which has made the Bay of Naples so celebrated. A number of vessels were availing themselves of a fine breeze to leave the harbor, and the lake was studded with many a white sail. I remember that a flock of sea-gulls were flying along the beach and dipping their beaks and white-lined wings in the foam that capped the short waves as they fell upon the shore. Whilst we sat there the great white moon appeared on the rim of the eastern horizon, and slowly crept above the water, throwing a perfect flood of silver light upon the dancing waves. The stars shone with the soft light of a Mid-summer night, and the breaking of the low waves upon the shore, repeating the old rhythm of the song which they have sung for ages, added the charm of pleasant sound to the beauty of the night. Mr. Lincoln, whose home was far inland from the Great Lakes, seemed greatly impressed with the wondrous beauty of the scene, and carried by its impressiveness away from all thought of the jars and turmoil of earth. In that mild, pleasant voice, attuned to harmony with his surroundings, and which was his wont when his soul was stirred by aught that was lovely or beautiful, Mr. Lincoln began to speak of the mystery which for ages enshrouded and shut out those distant worlds above us from our own; of the poetry and beauty which was seen and felt by seers of old when they contemplated Orion and Arcturus as they wheeled, seemingly, around the earth, in their nightly course; of the discoveries since the invention of the telescope, which had thrown a flood of light and knowledge on what before was incomprehensible and mysterious; of the wonderful computations of scientists who had measured the miles of seemingly endless space which separated the planets in our solar system from our central sun, and our sun from other suns, which were now

(Continued on seventh page.)

California Pioneer Railroading.

Engineer's Quick-wittedness and Nerve in Critical Situations—Railroader Superstitions.

By CAPT. FREE S. BOWLEY.

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Much has been written and said of the heroic sacrifices of enginemen, who went to their death sooner than desert their posts of duty. That many men have died, faithful to their trust, is a fact so apparent that there can be no doubt; but it is also a fact that many an engineer has been killed, and left behind him an heroic name to which he had no real title.

Railroad accidents happen so suddenly, and always the unexpected, that many times the man has no chance for any action whatsoever, heroic or otherwise.

The force and habit of discipline prevails with the engineer much as with the soldier. The well-drilled soldier obeys commands almost automatically, and the habit of doing certain things in response to the commands enables him in battle to execute the desires of his officers with celerity and precision, while perhaps his personal courage is at low-water mark. So, too, the engineer, drilled by long practice to instantly close the throttle and apply the air-brakes at the first intimation of danger, does so in time of greatest peril, and the catastrophe following almost instantly, he dies with his hand on the throttle, and is lauded as a martyr who gave his life in heroic devotion to his duty.

REQUIREMENTS OF A SUCCESSFUL ENGINEER.

It requires more than ordinary nerve to fill the engineer's station, and make a success of the business. A nervous, timorous man has no business on a locomotive. The man who worries is always in trouble; in his over-anxiety he overlooks some very simple little thing, and like the loose horse-shoe nail in the fable, it is the little things that lead to great mishaps, and the worrying man soon comes to grief.

At the present day all locomotives are equipped with powerful air-brakes on both tender and driving-wheels. A push of the left hand will close the throttle and a jerk of the right hand at the same time will throw the handle of the engineer's brake valve into "full emergency," and then the engineer may as well jump, get into the coal space, or out on the running board, as the occasion demands.

Engines are not reversed nowadays, neither do engineers whistle for brakes, although most of the newspaper accounts represent them as doing so. The days of the old-time engineer, who reversed his engine, whistled for brakes, stood at the throttle and jerked at the sand-lever, are gone forever.

The automatic driving brakes will retard the speed of the locomotive better without the reversing; if the engine is reversed with set driving brakes, the driving-wheels will slide, and a greater distance is required for the stop.

A BRAVE ENGINEER.

Quick wit and prompt action are the most necessary qualifications for an engineer, coupled with a readiness to take chances if the occasion demands it. I remember an instance of prompt action that occurred while the Southern Pacific was building across Arizona. It was, I think, on the Dragoon Mountains. A young engineer by the name of Frank Small was handling a work train on the mountain. In some way, four loaded flat-cars that were in front of the engine became detached and started to run down the grade. Five miles ahead of them was the end of the track, and at that end the road carpenters were building a bridge. The false work was up and most of the bridge timbers in place, but not securely fastened. If the runaway cars dashed upon the structure the whole thing would certainly fall to the bottom of the ravine, carrying with it over a hundred workmen.

The runaways had gained quite a start before Small was aware of the state of affairs. Instantly he started after them, working steam down the mountain. He soon overtook them, and giving his engine in charge of the fireman, he took a coupling-pin and crawled out on the front end, down over the pilot, standing off the narrow foot cleat of the pilot, raised the heavy push-bar. Both engine and cars were running at a frightful rate; to slip, or miss the coupling, was sure death. But Small kept his wits about him, the fireman pulled back the reverse lever at just the right instant, and the coupling was made.

Then the fireman "plugged her" and gave her sand, and Small flew over the cars and set the hand-brakes. The train was stopped within a few yards of the bridge.

SAVED THE BABY

Another case of an engineer's quick action happened on the Santa Cruz branch of the Southern Pacific. A freight train was descending a heavy grade; as the engine rounded a curve the engineer saw a toddling baby upon the track. To stop at that distance was impossible, and the speed made it certain death to try to jump and catch the child. The engineer grabbed his broom and ran out to the front of the engine, lay down on the cross-beam, and with a sweeping stroke of the broom tumbled the little one over into the ditch, unhurt. In doing so he nearly lost his balance, dropped the broom, and narrowly escaped going under the wheels himself.

The parents, Portuguese ranchers, witnessed the incident and came running. The train stopped and backed up to make sure that no damage had been done. The engineer, a modest man, expected to be overwhelmed with thanks and shrank from the ordeal. He was much surprised to find the burly Portuguese father tearing mad.

"Wha' fo' hitta da chile wid broom? Wha' fo' no stoppa da 'jine? No me lika hitta da bambino wid broom; coma down here I licka yo' d——n quick!" said the angry ranchman, and he poured out a torrent of abuse.

The engineer stepped down off the engine to explain, and the Portuguese made for him. But the fireman's fist hit the Portuguese's nose with a noise like a rough coupling and knocked all the fight out of its owner.

"Hit me engineer, would yez," said Tim, the fireman; "ye dirty black Dago, and him be jist afther savin' de kid; clear out av here, or I'll t'row yez under the engine and run de whole train overy ez!"

TRAIN ROBBERS.

At one time in California train robbery was a thriving industry. The robbers always got on unnoticed, on the front of the mail car next to the engine. The mail cars are all "blind baggage;" that is, no door in the end of the car. When the train was a sufficient distance from the station, they crawled up over the tender; in the darkness they could not be seen, while the light of the fire-door revealed to them every motion of the engineer and fireman. The first intimation that the engine crew would have of their presence would be a sharp command: "Hands up!" and to see the muzzles of two 45's within a few feet of their heads. Then there would be nothing to do but to obey, for engine men seldom carry weapons, and it is a sure thing that train robbers will shoot, and shoot to kill.

"AS THE ENGINE ROUNDED A CURVE, THE ENGINEER SAW A BABY UPON THE TRACK."

Sometimes the press published accounts reflecting on the courage of the enginemen, and sarcastically asked why the "iron-nerved, eagle-eyed" didn't show a little of his reputed courage and make a fight?

About two years ago an engineer was held up some 10 miles from Sacramento. A single robber attempted to capture the engine; the engineer was quick on the draw, and shot the robber dead. A great stir was made by the newspapers over the affair, and the courage of the engineer lauded to the skies. The railroad company presented him with a beautiful watch, and the express company gave him a substantial remembrance.

A few weeks later another engineer on the Atlantic & Pacific, east of Needles, Ariz., was ordered by two men to throw up his hands. He replied with a shot that killed one of the robbers, and was himself instantly shot dead by the second robber.

A sister-in-law of the dead engineer residing in California received a telegram giving the circumstances of his death. There was no time to obtain passes, so she purchased a ticket and took a receipt, the ticket agent assuring her that the railroad company would refund her money when the facts became known.

After the funeral she applied to the officials for a return of the money that she had paid, and the A. & P. officials flatly refused to return a cent. The excuse was given that they were not asking favors from the Southern Pacific, over whose lines a greater portion of the fare was paid. Such treatment as this to the relatives of one who died in defense of his engine and train is not conducive to a fearless, fighting spirit among trainmen.

A streak of superstition runs through all classes of railroaders. If a black cat runs across the track in front of an engine it is a sign that something will run hot, while to run over and kill a black cat is bad luck personified.

Most engineers have regular stations along the line where they oil their engines, and they always get off on one particular side and oil around to the other side. Some men would as lief omit the oiling altogether as to get off on the wrong side and "oil backwards"—"sure to make her run hot."

If one serious accident happens on the division, look out for yourself; there are sure to be two more. Accidents run in

Treasury Receipts Last Week.

For Monday . . . $2,020,253.
" Tuesday . . . 1,223,594.
" Wednesday. . 2,636,879.
" Thursday . . 2,375,994.
" Friday . . . 1,713,218.
" Saturday . . 1,498,091.

Whoever guesses nearest the Treasury receipts for Wednesday, January 31, 1900, will win a handsome cash prize. See Guessing Contest below.

To Friends of this Paper:

Practically all clubs sent us are small clubs; therefore, all have about equal chances of winning the cash prizes.

We do not expect our friends and subscribers to solicit strangers extensively and make a business of canvassing, but we do expect our sincere friends to call upon a few of their acquaintances, **this week,** and get their subscriptions. By showing this week's supplement, it is very easy to get subscriptions.

With the premiums listed on page 8, and the cash prizes of the Guessing Contest, there are unusual rewards for all club-raising done this week.

GUESSING CONTEST

For $500 in Cash Prizes.

Besides the premiums which we give to those who send us clubs, such as books, watches, dishes, etc., etc., we desire to make some **additional** awards for this important service.

With this end in view, we have divided $500 into seven prizes, as follows:

First prize - - -	**$200**
Second prize - - -	**100**
Third prize - - -	**75**
Fourth prize - - -	**50**
Fifth prize - - -	**25**
Sixth prize - - -	**25**
Seventh prize - - -	**25**

We will award these prizes in the following simple and fair manner: Whoever guesses, or comes nearest to guessing, the receipts of the U. S. Treasury for the 31st day of next January, will be entitled to the first prize. Whoever guesses **next** nearest will receive the second prize; the next nearest, the third prize; the next nearest, the fourth prize, and so on to the seventh prize.

These guesses must be received by us on or before the 29th day of January.

This is an absolutely fair contest. There can be no collusion. No man can know two days in advance, not even the Treasurer himself, what the receipts will be on any day of January.

THE ONLY entering this fair to raise a club for during the month **One** subscription entitles you to one guess, two subscriptions entitles you to two guesses, and so on.

It is not likely that any guess will be exact figures; indeed, all of the guesses may be wide of the mark, but those nearest will win the prizes. All will have an equal chance, and all will have the same information on which to base their judgment **You,** who are reading this, may make the winning guess. It is well worth the slight trouble involved to make the trial.

Yours, for club-raising.
THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.